

Wouldn't You Like To Be A Gangsta Too

The Diplomats

OK

I'm sure you heard

He's back in the building

It's official ticial

Hell Rell DipSet all day nigga let's do it

Talk to me I talk back

Yea

Yea

Now I'm a hustler he's a hustler we some motherfucking
hustlers wouldn't you love you be a hustler too? Talk to me
I'm a gangster he's a gangster we some motherfucking
gangsters wouldn't you love to be a gangster too?

Yo, from a lonely jail cell back to the bricks
Its Hell Rell motherfucker from the the the Dips!
See I got to put work back on the street again
Bounce back on my feet again
Gators back on my feet again
Bought some guns these haters back with the beef again
Red-dot them infared lasers back on the heat again
And they wanna lock me up throw away the key
Cause I'm sitting on enough coke to throw away a key
Fuck em you wanna kill me come and do it I don't give a fuck
Diplomats live it up
Clack Clack give it up
Hard dick have money what I give a slut
Chocolate Escalade call that the snickers truck
My gun bust need I say more
Now I've got my moms telling me I should pray more
Mami please I don't get on my knees that shit ain't for geez
I'm bout to take my ass to hell for all the triggers I squeeze (Let's go)

Now I'm a hustler he's a hustler we some motherfucking
hustlers wouldn't you love you be a hustler too? Now talk to me
I'm a gangster he's a gangster we some motherfucking
gangsters wouldn't you love to be a gangster too? Holla at me
I'm a ridah he's a rider we some motherfucking ridaz
wouldn't you love to be a rider too? Holla at me
Hell Rell, Dipset, Bird gang, what's good
Wouldn't you like to be a gangster too? Talk to me!

Yea I'm still gettin out
So what the judge boost the bail
Niggas run around saying what they gonna do to Rell(Nothing)
Two P-89's on me call me Ruger Rell
Y'all niggas talk about your bodies I don't shoot and tell
And you still playing you ain't even close to culture
First you up then you down what you rollercoaster?
Tre pound rubber grip what my holster holding
And there's a baby being born a fiend overdoser
Must have been my dope that did em man
I party on the yacht with some hoes or her pigeon friends
You tell a slut you love her and miss her hug her and kiss her
I fuck her and diss her probably was your cousin or sister
I got mami sucking dick, put product on the strip

Spray a nigga pay a nigga just to bottle up a brick
But I'm trying to make sure that my dust move
A young nigga what I was laid I hamma dosage

For that paper snatch you daughter up
Cruise pulling Porches up
Cam I'm hungry now go head and kick your Air Jordans up
Put your hand on me your moms'll get it in the mail
I was buzzing more than you when I was sitting in a cell
All the streets wanted to know was where's Hell Rell
There go Jim there go Killer but where's Hell Rell
There go Freaky Santana but where's Hell Rell
I'm here now everybody thanks for all the fan mail
But fuck a bitch I don't love them either (Naw)
The powder black the coke is white so when I cook it's like jungle fever
A couple niggas going to be shot in their face
Robbed for every dollar that they got in their safe
See I'm something like a phe-no-me-non (Yea)
I kidnap your kids with their pajamas on (Yea)
And I still slap a nigga just for stepping on my white on whites
I'm in the hood like peeling cheese and Mike and Ikes

[Chorus]